

THE
L I F E
OF
MRS. GOOCH.

THE
LIFE

OF
Mrs. COOCH

WRITTEN BY HERSELF
DEDICATED TO THE PUBLIC.

"Of this book I have heard much
"and I have read it with interest
"and I have found it to be a most
"interesting and useful work."
—

IN THREE VOLUMES

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR,
And sold by C. and G. READING, No. 11,
TAVISTOCK STREET.

OF THE BOOKS WHICH ARE FOR SALE
A CATALOGUE OF NEW VOLUMES, AND
A TESTIMONIAL BOOK, FOR LONDON.

THE
L I F E
OF
MRS. GOOCH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

DEDICATED TO THE PUBLIC.

" Oh! that to feel these killing pangs no more,
" On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone!
" Was fix'd a rock amidst the wat'ry roar,
" And in the vast Atlantic stood alone!"

HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHORESS,
And Sold by C. and G. KEARSLEY, No. 46,
FLEET STREET.

1792.

Of the above Booksellers may be had, GRATIS,
A CATALOGUE of NEW, VALUABLE, and
ENTERTAINING BOOKS, just published.

Miss G. O. C. H.

THE OCEANIC COAST
DEDICATED TO THE PUBLIC
WRITTEN BY HERRICK

HANCOCK'S LOVE STORIES

"And in the old Atlantic Coast State,"
"Where a torn and bloody way lay,
"On Stephen Lee I lay a willing hand!"
"O! better than a thousand times my land."

IN THREE VOLUMES

[3]

THE
LIFE OF MRS. GOOCH,
&c. &c.

MR. KEPPEL left Valenciennes, and went to Condé. I took a private lodging, and remained there some time; I received one morning a message from the Hon. Mr. C. son of Lord S. with whose family and connections I was acquainted, but whose person was entirely unknown to me. Mr.

was then residing at Condé; he staid a few days at Valenciennes, and visited me merely on the footing of a countryman, but there was no further acquaintance between us. Mr. C. mentioned to me his wish to return home; but added, that he had not money to pay the small bill he had ran up at the inn. I had five louis, and I lent him four, under the assurance that he was in expectation of receiving money from England by the next packet, and that he would then return me what I could so very ill spare.

About a week afterwards, Mr. C. returned to Valenciennes, and told me,
that,

that, so far from being come to reimburse me, he was under the necessity of applying to me for further assistance. This was a double disappointment, as I had sincerely hoped, for his sake more than my own, that he had been relieved from a situation so unworthy the eldest son of a British Nobleman.

I had not a livre left ; but I had a gold watch, with a steel chain and some seals, that Mr. Board had given me when I left St. Alban's ; I told him, he was very welcome to borrow money on these, but they must be returned to me, and he promised they should be so in a very short time.

Some weeks elapsed without my hearing any more of Mr. C.—I began to importune him with letters; he came to Valenciennes, and he assured me that he had deposited the watch, &c. with his hair-dresser, who had absconded, and that there was no probability of our ever seeing them again.

I became acquainted with a Mr. Philip Ryan, who resided at Valenciennes, and through him, with a Mr. Jackson of Edinburgh, I have stated the conduct of the former in the Appeal.

Mr. Jackson and myself came to
England

England together ; he returned to Scotland ; and Mr. Wylde, of Pall Mall, made me an offer of going to his house, which I accepted ; but was soon driven thence by the appearance of two bailiffs who came in pursuit of me to arrest me for a debt I had contracted in Cork Street with Mrs. Hart, the milliner, in Piccadilly ; I was, however, fortunate enough to elude their search.

Not having heard from Mr. Board on the subject of my valuables at Parker's, I concluded that it had not been convenient to him to take them out, and I went there with the money in order to do it myself. I was not a
 little

little surprised on being informed by Parker that Mr. Board had been there, and sold them to him for ten pounds more than I had pledged them for. I applied to Mr. Sewell, an attorney, then living in Golden Square. Some letters passed between Mr. Board and him, and he received from Mr. Board the little enamelled watch set round with pearls, and the hoop ring, which Mr. Sewell restored to me; the remainder I have never been able to recover.

It had been frequently recommended to me to try the stage. During my residence in Cork Street Mr. Macklin had been frequently one of my
visitors,

visitors, and I had received some instructions from him. The Duc de Bouillon had been particularly anxious for my making a first appearance: he thought it was the only way to force my family at length to act for me, and to compel Mr. Gooch to make me *a proper allowance*.

I could not stay in London, under the apprehensions of being arrested; and not finding myself possessed of courage sufficient to make a first attempt there, I waited on Mr. Fox, the manager of the Brighthelmstone company, and entreated that he would recommend me to one in the country.

I

I took

I took refuge for a short time in a lodging in Spring Gardens, which afforded at that time a protection to those fearful of a prison. Mr. Ryan (to whom I had written) arrived in London, and greatly approved my plan.

Mr. Fox introduced me to Mr. Thornton, the manager of the Portsmouth company, which was then at Farnham in Surrey, whither I accompanied him. Our theatre was a very well fitted-up barn. The West Indian was the play given out, in which I played Miss Rusport, under the assumed name of Mrs. Jackson. If we did not play to brilliant houses, we
 4 played,

played, at least, to crowded ones, and with so much success, that a repetition of the same play was loudly called for on the next evening.

I next played Belvidere to a very animated Jaffier, who seemed to *feel* his part. *This* Mr. Ryan (who had come that day from London to see our performance) observed before I did, and mentioned it to me as soon as the play was over. He was a handsome man on the stage, and certainly a good actor ; but once off the boards he had nothing commendable about him. He persuaded me to try our success in Austin and Whitlock's company at Chester. We stole away
on

on the day we were to appear in the tragedy of Percy, and by that put Mr. Thornton and the company to much inconvenience.

I borrowed twenty-five pounds at this time of Mr. Ryan, for which I gave him my note of hand. The drafts I had given him previous to my leaving Valenciennes had been all paid, and he had the trunks I left there to be forwarded to England, and which I had afterwards contradicted, still in his possession.

We went to Chester : it was during the race week, and the characters were all disposed of. That being over, we
played

played with them at Warrington in Lancashire. Mr. Munden was the leading person in the company then: they had received of us no very eligible account from the offended Thornton, whom we had really used very ill; and Mr. Munden, strengthened by this and his prepossession in favour of another female performer, gave me evident marks of dislike, which was productive of a disturbance. After playing during some nights at Warrington, under the name of Mrs. Freeman, I returned to London, disgusted with the stage, and with every thing else. Another motive, too, for this was, my fellow traveller having received a letter from his wife, who informed

informed him that she had had a free benefit at Farnham, after we had left it, in consequence of his having deserted her, and that she was coming to join him, having been at Mr. Wylde's in Pall Mall, where she was told that neither Mr. Ryan nor any one else would send me more money while I continued with him. His going off with me was an agreement between him and his wife, to obtain, under false pretences on each side, all the money from me they could.

I arrived in London, at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where I sent to Mr. Wylde, and he came to me. He told me, that, if I remained there, I
should

should be arrested by Mrs. Hart. Under this idea I set out the next morning for Calais; but meeting with a vessel bound to Dunkirk first getting under sail, I went in her. We had a dreadful storm, which had nearly driven us on the Goodwin Sands. We went near enough to see and shudder at them, but escaped this fatal wreck, where so many thousands have perished!

After coming to an anchor at the entrance of the harbour, it being low water, the Captain was imprudent enough (his wife being sick) to put out his own boat to convey her on shore. The other sailors endeavoured

to prevail on me not to go; but I thought that if she ventured I might, and with only himself, his wife, one of his men, and one passenger, we made for the shore. The sea ran dreadfully high—the white waves followed in quick succession, and broke over our heads in frightful foam—the Captain's wife and myself were laid down at the bottom of the boat, which only could prevent our being washed away by them; the other passenger was fortunately a captain of a smuggling vessel, and an old sailor; without his extreme exertions it would have been impossible to prevent the boat from turning her broadside, when she must have instantly filled: with
much

much difficulty she at length touched ground, and we walked out of her up to our knees in water, drenched with the waves, and entirely exhausted both by fatigue and fear.

I called on Mr. Greville, a wine merchant at Dunkirk, whom I had heard was in possession of my trunks, that had been sent so far, on their way to England, to a Mr. Stival, Mr. Jackson's correspondent. He had delivered them to him at Mr. Ryan's request, into whose care I had entrusted them. Mr. Greville wrote to Mr. Ryan to know if he might restore them to me; which Mr. Ryan refused until my note was paid. This

unexpected conduct in him surprised me not a little.

I took a small house in a garden at Dunkirk, my finances not permitting me to go any farther. I was one evening at the play, when a very handsome and elegant young man began a conversation with me : it was *Mons. de Guichen*, son of the Count de Guichen, who formerly commanded the French fleet. He told me that he was First Lieutenant and second in command of the *Ceres*, then lying at anchor in Dunkirk harbour, where they had landed a few days before. Her commander was the Viscount de Roquefeuil, a man high
in

in rank, under whose maritime protection Mons. de Guichen's father had placed him. He said they were to sail the next morning, their employment being to coast and take up smugglers; that they should be absent but a few days, and that on the Sunday following (that day week) he hoped to attend me to the play. I had no particular motive for wishing to leave Dunkirk immediately, and said I would pass the summer there, six months being the time of the ship's station. I admired his person and manner very much: he was a tall, well-made, dark man, without having the least appearance of a Frenchman, but perfectly that of a

man of fashion. When I returned home I felt an uncommon lowness of spirits, and found that I took great interest in Mons. de Guichen. His last words to me were, that he hoped they should return on the following Wednesday, when the first house he entered should be mine. The next morning my first inquiries were after the Ceres, and I found she had sailed. Had I been more acquainted with Mons. de Guichen, I should have requested to make one of the cruizing party. My walks were daily directed towards the sea, and every vessel I saw advancing I judged to be the Ceres. She did not appear Wednesday or Thursday : on Friday morn-

ing an officer, who had promised to give me the earliest information, called at my house, and said she was just come to an anchor. I put on my hat and cloke, and went with him to the pier: it was the second day of a frightful storm, and the sea ran very high. We discovered a boat buffeting about for a considerable time, which the officer, by the help of a glass, perceived to be the Ceres one. He said that she would have some difficulty to live in the storm; but seeing me very much alarmed, and a crowd beginning to gather about us to look at her, he assured me there was no danger for the lives on board, as another boat was going out to their

assistance. On the strength of this, he prevailed on me to return home, as it would be a full hour, he said, before they could make the shore, and promised to return for me when they did. All this he said to pacify me, for he well knew that no boat would venture out to them, and that it was more than probable they would be lost. I turned back, and was proceeding homewards with slow steps and a heavy heart, when I saw every body running, and heard one universal cry that the boat was sunk! — I hastened back to my former station, and soon saw the melancholy boat hauled ashore, but the lives were fled for ever!

The

The boat had one of her planks of her seat torn out, which they doubtless had done with an intention to save themselves by it if possible. In a few hours the bodies were washed ashore by the tide: they were those of the Viscount de Roquefeuil, Mons. de Guichen, and three sailors. Thus perished in a moment the only surviving son of the unfortunate Count de Guichen, and his respectable Commander. This dreadful event took place in that fatal whirlpool we had so narrowly escaped a fortnight before. What made it the more dismal was the closeness of their situation to their own ship, and to the town of Dunkirk,

from

from neither of which could they derive the least assistance.

The Count de Guichen had had two sons ; the one he devoted to the army, the other to the navy : the one in the army had been killed in a duel two years before.

The bodies were conveyed into a hovel by the sea side till the officers of the Admiralty *found time* to inspect them.—According to the French laws, no person could touch them till this ceremony was performed, which was not until three or four hours afterwards. It was the opinion of numbers, that Mons. de Guichen, particularly

larly, shewed some symptoms of life after he was taken up; but the neglect of these wretches, by delaying the necessary applications, had entirely precluded all hopes of restoring it, if any yet remained. The five bodies were conveyed to the Conciergiere, the out-side of which was hung with black. The two officers were laid on separate beds in one room, the three sailors in another, and Capuchins guarded the doors. Almost every person in Dunkirk went to look at them: I attempted it once, but could not prevail on myself to get any farther than the door of this receptacle of woe!

They

They were buried in a manner becoming their rank, with great funeral pomp: the two regiments lined the streets from the inn to the church, which was hung round with black, and escutcheons of their arms. I went into it, and never shall I forget the entrance of the five coffins!—To go from thence to the burial ground they were to pass within view of the ship, which kept firing minute guns, and from whence waved a black ensign—the solemn music of the two regiments, the drums all muffled, and every officer with their crapes on, had indeed a dismal effect. As soon as the large square boxes in which they were enclosed (for the bodies were too much swelled to have

have common coffins) were deposited in their earth, the military guns were fired into them; and thus closed the melancholy, the dreadful scene, to which I was unhappily a witness.

This deplorable event took place on the 24th of August, 1785—I could not bear Dunkirk after it, and indeed I may say, with great truth, that it was the cause of my having that lingering illness that laid hold of me as soon as I got to Lille, whither I very shortly went; to add to it, the extreme derangement of my affairs had driven me nearly desperate. I took a house at Lille, where I lived retired and unhappy; and to prove that it

was

was the want of money that was ever the cause of my embarrassments, I will only relate one out of the numberless incidents in which I have experienced it.

A note of mine for seventeen guineas became due; and it was impossible for me to find out by what means I should take it up. My hair-dresser at Lille, of the name of Phalampin, (the same who had recommended my two servants to Mr. Gooch) told me that he would find a person who would advance me money, but that it must be on the condition that I must purchase things of him. He said that he was a watchmaker, and would sell me watches

watches on my note of hand at a longer date. I remarked to this Phalampin, that when I got them I should not know how or where to dispose of them. He said, he would find somebody that would take them.

The watchmaker accordingly came, and sold me five gold watches for forty pounds, and I gave him my note of hand at two months only. Phalampin took the watches, and brought me eighteen guineas, which he said was all that he could get for them. I was more anxious to take up my note than to contest about it, and the bargain was made. This business was all transacted in one hour, and the watches

watches were of course returned to the place from whence they came. The watchmaker's name is Minet, and he lived in the rue Equermoise. I mention this circumstance as a caution to those who may afterwards visit Lille.

Mr. Cunningham, a gentleman resident there, called on me: he took up my note to Minet, after paying the forty pounds, and lent me some money; all which I returned him by my quarterly drafts, and was then reduced to live on credit *as I could*.

I left my house, and took a lodging less expensive. I received one morning

ing a visit from Capt. Gage, of the forty-fourth regiment, who was passing through Lille : he introduced to me Major Wheeler : they had arrived at the Hotel de Bourbon but a few minutes before, and having inquired what English were there, my name was mentioned. Capt. Gage, though almost a stranger to me, called on me under the generous idea that I might be in want of some assistance : they asked me to walk with them about the town, and left me for a few minutes to prepare myself. They had not reached the end of the street when two men rushed into my room, and arrested me for twenty guineas. I sent my servant after them, and they

instantly came back. Major Wheeler desired Capt. Gage would remain with me while he went to the Hotel de Bourbon: he returned in less than ten minutes with the money, and paid the debt. This act of generosity from a gentleman whom I had never before seen, and who was to leave Lille the next morning, was one of those few, very few incidents of good fortune that I have experienced. Major Wheeler's goodness to me made a deep impression on my mind, and never has nor never will be effaced from it.

But this generous action in delivering me from the jaws of one merciless creditor

creditor plunged me into those of the others with redoubled force. A Madame Plaquet, who keeps an inn on the place St. Martin, came to me, and with great demonstrations of pity and professions of regard persuaded me to live in her house, where I should be found in every thing till I received money. I had at that time two very elegant watches and chains, exactly alike, that a French officer had lately given me, which he had bought at Lille — she lent me three guineas on one of them — the two had cost twenty-five pounds about two months before.

I was extremely ill at her house, and I well knew how dearly I should pay the credit I found there — but what was I to do? — Necessity is a strong allurements, and necessity compelled me to make use of the resources I could find.

I was in a weak and languid state when I was arrested by all my creditors combined together, and conducted to the prison, whose least horror was indeed in its name! — It is impossible to describe, nay, it is impossible to conceive, what I suffered there — I was in every respect treated (except that I did not wear chains) as a criminal; and I am convinced that
every

every felon in Newgate meets with indulgences that I did not: they are permitted to see their friends, and even this was a liberty denied me.

Mr. Walpole, (brother to Mrs. Atkins, who resided at Lille) with extreme difficulty, once obtained permission to go into the jailor's room to see me. I told him in English (which they did not understand) that I wished him to look at my apartment. He began to ascend with me the wretched staircase that led to it, but was suddenly repulsed by these guardians of hell, and desired to return. He saw, however, enough to convince him of the horrible situation

I was in. I had no fire-place ; no bed but on the floor, which was paved with rough stone ; in short, the horrors I underwent in the prison at Lille ought to cry aloud for vengeance in *any Christian country !*

I here pawned my other watch.— Madame Plaquet had taken the duplicate of the former one, together with two trunks, and all my property that was in her house ; not one article of which has been ever returned me.

I wrote to my family, (my friends I cannot call them) ; I explained, as well as I was able, my wretched situation. I wrote also to Mons. Langlart,

lart, a banker at Lille, who had much dealings with the English; I desired he would write, and confirm the truth of what I had advanced. Monf. Langlart assured me that he wrote twice, but received no answer whatever.

I sent many letters with unequal success; at length I received one (now by me) from a gentleman whom I have before mentioned as related by marriage to the family. I am sorry, for the sake of humanity, to express what were the contents; but they were these——

My family, he said, were violently offended with me for having squandered away my money, and particularly with having run up a bill of forty pounds at a tavern.—What was this tavern bill? Was it a bill I had wantonly and extravagantly incurred by treating my acquaintance, or by living myself?—No; it was Madame Plaquet's bill: she had taken a base advantage of my unhappy situation, and charged me forty pounds for what, God knows, forty shillings would have amply indemnified her. They, however, gave directions to another banker there (Mons. Pringuet) to pay me two guineas a week for subsistence: but I am thoroughly convinced

convinced that they never meant to release me themselves, or thought that I could be so by any other means. They made themselves sure that I should, through my confinement and wretchedness, come to an untimely end ; and indeed it would have been impossible for me to have lived much longer in my then horrible situation—the extreme cold and the objects which surrounded me were of themselves sufficient to destroy a mind and body of far superior strength to mine.

A young and beautiful Frenchwoman was brought in a prisoner for four guineas. The jailor desired I would let her sleep in my room on

* .

another

another bed prepared for her. I readily accepted the proposal; but found her so very ill, and so much affected with her situation, that pity pleaded her cause in my breast, and I resolved, if possible, to release her.

I sent for her creditor, and proposed his taking my note of hand for the debt, which he agreed to; and I felt more happiness in thus liberating her than I could possibly have done in her society, although by voluntarily losing it I sacrificed the only possible comfort I could have, that of conversing with one human being.

I had

I had not a prospect nor a hope of deliverance — my future fate was envelopped in a thick cloud, through which my eyes could not penetrate, and I felt that it must disperse greatly indeed before any gleam of sunshine could intervene! — Not one of the many English residing at Lille (excepting Mr. Walpole) had the charity either to call or send to me — I could not have treated my worst enemy so, had I known one in that situation.

I never went down stairs but to ask for what was necessary; indeed I was locked up every afternoon at five, and my door was not opened till ten the

next morning. I went one morning to speak to the jailor, and was peeping through the bars of two iron doors which separated me from him, as he was standing at the door of the street.

A person, who had the appearance of a merchant, was speaking to him, and inquiring for a prisoner. He looked at me with a sort of emotion, and asked me hastily if *I* was one. I told him that I was detained there for three hundred pounds, without *fairly* owing one. He asked me some questions, and our conversation ended by his forgetting the business that had brought him. He went away, and told

told me, as that was the case, if fifty louis d'ors would extricate, I should have them by three o'clock the same day.

The person he had inquired after was his nephew, placed there by his father for some trifling misdemeanor. Such were at that time the happy laws of France ! — I told our furly keeper that I should be glad to have a few minutes conversation with him in his (the jailor's) room. The wretch knew the uncle to be a man of property : this consideration relaxed his wonted severity, and he permitted our interview.

I re-

I related to my fellow prisoner what
 his uncle had said; and I added, that
 as I had *now* learnt from dear-bought
 experience to put little faith in the
 promises even of those who stiled
 themselves my friends, it could hardly
 be supposed I should place confidence
 in an entire stranger, of whose name I
 was ignorant. His nephew was more
 sanguine in his expectations: he in-
 formed me that his uncle was in a
 great line of business, and that he was
 sure he would fulfil his engagements:
 he added, that if I would interest my-
 self for his release also, he thought
 his uncle would oblige me, the trans-
 gression for which he was under con-
 finement

finement being only a love affair; and in this I promised to oblige him.

At three o'clock Mons. Grandel came. He told me that he had been employed, since he saw me, in calling on my creditors, and had not found any of them inexorable: he offered to distribute a certain sum of money among them, leaving me sufficient to return to England. To this I joyfully consented. He returned with a coach in the evening, and delivered me from a residence that was even too bad for the most hardened criminal.

He

He conducted me to a house about a league from Lille; and I mentioned to him my request in favour of *Monf. Parquet*, his nephew. He urged his apprehensions of disobliging that person's father; but at length complied with my entreaties, under the express injunction that he should come to England with me, to remove him, I imagine, out of the reach of his mistress. He said, that in England he could follow his profession of surgery, and that the money he had advanced me I might return *Mr. Parquet*, either in specie or effects.

Monf. Parquet and his uncle came to me together the next day; and it
was

was agreed we should set out for England. I gave Monf. Grandel my note of hand for fifty pounds; I gave him also a duplicate of the last watch I had parted with; he was to get the other from Madame Plaquet, and send them to me; but I have never received either them or my trunks, of which she took possession.

I arrived in London, and took part of a house in Charlotte Street, No. 77, where I kept Mr. Parquet, who had not a shilling of his own for more than two months. I had many acquaintance that were out of his line, and as he was besides a considerable

expencc to me, I requested he would fulfil the promise he had always made me, of looking out a situation for himself, which, as he frequently went out among his countrymen, I conceived to be not very difficult.

I was obliged to urge my request many times before he would comply with it : at length he told me that he *had* found a situation ; but as he had neither money nor clothes he could not go to it, unless I provided him with both.

The Duc de Lauzun was then in England, and much with me : I knew
that

that from him I could obtain any thing I absolutely wanted. I mentioned to him the circumstance of my troublesome hanger-on, and he advised me by all means to rid myself of him. I gave him five guineas, and laid out near thirty pounds for him in linen and clothes, which, together with the consideration of his having been so long in my house, would, I thought, fully cancel Mr. Grandel's debt, which indeed I never expected to hear any more of.

I had not unfortunately made use of the necessary precaution of taking his receipts for what I had advanced;

and indeed had such a thought entered my head, it would have been repelled by the idea of its being a want of delicacy, after his uncle's manner of relieving me at Lille.

The Duc de Lauzun was, like myself, passionately fond of music—I had only a piano forte that I had hired. I mentioned to him that it was my wish to purchase a harpsichord. He begged that I would, and I went to Messrs. Longman and Broderip, and chose a very good one, for which I agreed to give fifty-five pounds, which was sent home to me the same day.

The

The Duc de Lauzun, from whom I had received, at different times, small sums, liked it, and said he would pay for it: he desired I would go nearer to Sackville Street, where he lived in Baron de Wenzel's house, and I removed to Bolton Street, No. 10, a house belonging to a Mrs. Brown.

I lived there at no small expence, and got in debt. The Duke frequently promised to pay all I owed; but set out suddenly for Paris without apprizing me of it. I must do him, however, the justice to say, that I have been since credibly informed he

did not foresee his departure till the evening before it, when letters came to him from France, which required his so speedy attendance there, that he had not time to settle even his own affairs in London.

The Duke of Queensberry, who frequently visited me with him, and to whose house the Duc de Lauzun and myself often met, called on me the morning of the Duc de Lauzun's departure, which had already found its way into a newspaper lying on my table : his Grace knew no more of it than I did, nor would he believe it to be true till he had called in Sackville
Street,

Street, whither he went ; from thence he went to his banker's, and returned to me. He had the goodness to bring me thirty guineas ; that, he said, would last me till I heard from Lauzun, which he doubted not would be as soon as he had arrived in Paris : I have, however, not done so, at which I am the more surpris'd, as I could never have supposed *him* capable of a dirty transaction.

I was one morning sitting at my harpsichord, which was become a great favourite, when a man came into my room, and presented me a note from Mr. Sewell, the attorney,

whom I had employed in the affair with Mr. Board, containing a request that I would discharge his bill. As he had not obtained the things I had employed him about, and as I had never had any other business with him, I concluded his demand could *not* be very great, and I returned a verbal message, with my compliments, desiring the bill might be sent me. The man went down stairs, and, as I supposed, out of the house : he returned, however, instantly with one of his companions, and arrested me in Mr. Sewell's name for eighteen pounds.

I sent a servant to a friend I had
near

near St. James's, who came to me immediately ; and as Mr. Sewell was largely in *his* debt, he sent his name to him, and informed the bailiffs that he would be answerable for whatever I owed him. They wanted to take me to a spunging house to search the office, which this gentleman would by no means consent to. He afterwards told me that he had called on Mr. Sewell the next morning, and severely reproached him with the advantage he had taken of an unprotected woman.

I had agreed to pay Mrs. Brown,
for

for my lodgings in Bolton Street, two guineas a week. Some weeks I paid her, and some I did not. She at length brought me in a bill of thirty-seven pounds as well for lodgings as for things that she said had been broken in her house. I told her, that, owing to the Duc de Lauzun's conduct and sudden departure, it was impossible for me to pay any debt at that time I had contracted ; but I assured her I would discharge all I owed as soon as it was possible, and added, that it became necessary for me to secrete myself for a time, I would leave my harpsichord with her till I returned, or settled my affairs, I entreated

treated she would take all possible care of it.

I took a very small, temporary lodging in Charles Street, St. James's Square. I had not been there many days when a Frenchwoman, whom I had never seen, of impudent appearance, walked into my room, accompanied by two bailiffs, and arrested me for fifty pounds. I could not comprehend who was the person, nor of what nature was the debt; I had no measures to pursue, but to submit in silence to my hard fate, and go with the men to a spunging house, wherever they chose to conduct me, which was just beyond

beyond Temple Bar, for the wretch had disappeared as soon as she had delivered me into their hands; and, to augment my difficulties, had arrested me in the Marshalsea, the most loathsome prison (I am informed) in England.

It was some time before I could learn at whose suit I was in custody; at length I came to the knowledge of it.

The woman, whose name was Saville, lived in Warwick Street, where she bore a notorious character. Mons. Parquet, the ungenerous Frenchman,
to

to whom I had shewn so much hospitality, was gone to live with her. The note on which I was arrested was the one I had given to Monf. Grandel at Lille, which this man had either brought over, or sent for, and it was indorsed over to her. As soon as I discovered the truth, I took out a writ for thirty pounds against Monf. Parquet; but suspecting that I should do so, he had concealed himself, and I was at the expence of the writ, without being ever able to find what was become of him.

I remained two days in this den of extortion and captivity; I was then

*

bailed

bailed out by a momentary friend, who very shortly after surrendered and sent me to the Fleet prison.

This was owing to a pique he had had against me ; for he came to me the same evening, and offered to set me free. I told him I thought it much better, as he *had* put me in prison, that I should remain there, than to be under the necessity of concealing myself, and expecting a bailiff at every opening of my door.

As soon as it was known that I was in the Fleet, many persons, who might not have arrested me, thought it right

to lodge detainers against me; and I must likewise observe, that many, both of my acquaintance, and unknown to me, had the goodness to send me assistance. His Grace of Queensberry, with that liberality which *I* had ever experinced in him, sent me twenty guineas—Lord Galway sent me twelve; but from him, as my almost nearest relation, I had some right to look for it—A gentleman of Nottingham, and of very large fortune there, whom I was not acquainted with, brought me, twenty pounds. I received five guineas, and a hamper of wine, from some charitable person, whose name I have never been able to guess at.

Many

Many indeed were the presents I received, and many the letters, from unknown friends, during my wretched imprisonment.

At length the idea of publishing my situation occurred to me. The manner in which Mr. Gooch and myself were separated not being generally known, I determined on hazarding "an appeal to the Public."

As soon as the book was advertised, my family condescended to recollect that I was one of it; and they applied to me to know the nature of the publication; they had *generosity* enough to
pay

pay ten shillings in the pound to those who detained me in prison; but those to whom I was indebted, and who had treated me with more liberality, remained unpaid.

Among this number was Mrs. Brown, of Bolton Street, whom, as I have before observed, had my harpsichord; for that instrument I then owed Messrs. Longman and Broderip fifty-five pounds, besides another amount I had with them, not one shilling of which did my relations pay; nor could I ever recover my harpsichord or any part of its value. Mrs. Brown has alledged, for reason, that an execution had been put into

her house while I was in the Fleet, and my harpsichord sold off with her things.

A correspondence that had lain dormant for some years was now renewed on the part of my mother, who, at length, wrote to me: she expressed much sorrow for my situation. The Bishop of St. Asaph, her brother, sent to me, and took upon himself to pay the rent of a better room for me in the Fleet than the one I inhabited, until my affairs were settled, and I was released; when that took place, I went to a lodging in Featherstone Buildings that had been taken for me at my mother's desire.

Here

Here the Bishop frequently visited me ; I was within a few doors of my mother, who was then on a visit to Mrs. Waller, in Bedford Row, whose son had the settling of my affairs : I had not, however, the happiness to see my mother ; she was at that time labouring under a very severe illness, and urged that the sight of *me* would affect her too much.

Every day letters and messages passed between us ; and I wrote her word how much it was my wish to behold her once more !—I remained in this place and in this situation five weeks ; at the end of which I received pro-

posals from the Bishop, and a letter from my mother to this effect.

They desired that I would go to lodge and board, under an assumed name, with a family in the country they were to look out for; that I should renounce EVERY former acquaintance and correspondence with any person whatever; that I should be wholly guided by the Bishop in every respect; and for the payment of the remainder of my debts I should make over forty pounds a year until the whole was paid. My mother's letter mentioned, that, under these conditions only, she would call on me *at any hour*

*hour the next day when I might be dis-
engaged.*

In the eyes of prudence, for me to have acceded to these proposals would have appeared certainly right; but in a generous heart there was a pride which forbade it. I knew myself so well, that I was convinced, did I see my mother, it would be impossible for me to resist any desire she might express; but as it was, something, I thought, should be left to my own honour, without the severe restrictions they thought proper to impose on our meeting. I felt hurt at my mother's manner of writing to me—"She would
" call on me," she said, "at any

“ hour I might be disengaged.”—I received visits, it is true, from one truly respectable family in Dean Street, to which my mother herself could not object; and as I was debarred any society in Featherstone Buildings, the mistress of it, with her two lovely daughters, frequently called, and sent their carriage for me to dine with them; but what enjoyment could have withheld me from kneeling (had I been permitted it) at my mother’s feet, there to implore at once her pity and forgiveness for *whatever* I might have done to offend her,

My uncle called again on me, and seconded my mother’s letter, that announced

nounced to me, unless I would accept their proffered terms, I must not expect to meet any farther countenance from my family.

Much as I *longed* to see my mother, I had resolution enough to declare, that I would not make any promise whatever, and that I would make rather a voluntary sacrifice of the only wish I had left on this side the grave, than deceive her for a moment by promising what I might afterwards find objections to prevent me from adhering to.

Thus ended all hope of a reconciliation, that could only have been pro-

posed as a mere matter of form, and in which the only heart interested was surely my own !

I left Featherstone Buildings rather in disgust than otherwise, from the manner in which I was watched there ; precluded not only from seeing or writing to any one, but even from walking out to take the air, (all of which Mr. Waller, my mother's friend, had prohibited me.) This injunction had too much waged war against an invincible spirit—Affliction and confidence are arms against which I cannot make resistance ; but I have a soul that will never bend under the yokes of tyranny and oppression.

*

I was

I was in constant danger of being again imprisoned, and to elude it I took a lodging in the city. — A Mrs B—— (who lived at the corner of Spur Street, Leicester Fields, and whom I am sorry, for the honour of of my country, called herself a Nottinghamshire woman) had formerly bailed me, together with the Mrs. Brown of Bolton Street, in an action on which I had been arrested: she had the conscience to declare that I owed her fifty pounds, and this too had remained unsettled.

This devil of iniquity had been probably better advised than to lodge a detainer against me in the Fleet, when

when there might be a suspicion that the nature of the debt would be investigated.

As soon as she found out that I was no longer under the protection of my family, she thought it a proper time to bring forward her demand: she knew that I went frequently to visit Mr. Jones, a Jew, who was at that end of the town: she laid wait for me one evening when she knew I was with him, and, accompanied by two bailiffs, arrested me in the street as I was returning to my lodgings.

A lady who was with me went immediately to Mr. Jones, who sent his

two brothers to bail me by his desire. I had been but a very short time under their bail when the Mr. Jones whom I knew was taken so extremely ill as to be given over by two physicians : his brothers seized the opportunity, and, unknown to him, re-committed me to the Fleet.

The imputations of ingratitude towards my family, and of having already accumulated fresh debts, (for those who knew me were assured they had paid all the old ones) left me in a situation far worse than my former one.

Under

Under this idea, I formed a resolution not to apply to any one for assistance, but to await patiently the fulfilling of my destiny, and whatever chance, unforeseen, might still throw in my way. I made up my mind to stay there, for I saw no prospect of release; and I thought, that, if to die in a prison was yet to be my lot, it was best to submit to it at once with resignation and fortitude.

To that God who knows, and who alone knows my heart, I now appeal most sacredly, whether I have not often, in the dead hours of night, knelt in my bed, and implored him to deliver me from a miserable existence !

tence ! — Whether I have not endeavoured to commune with him, and ask him, wherefore *I*, the least of his creatures, should be reserved to experience a fate which *I*, of all the rest of human kind, was the least able to sustain ? — I have even dared to reproach the Almighty, Lord of All, and ask him what *I* had done to be thus signalised by manifold afflictions and sorrow ?

Full of these ideas I passed my time among my fellow captives, nor once took a step that might tend towards my deliverance.

I was

I was one evening drinking tea with my neighbours, in the room opposite my own, when a foreigner of their acquaintance came in and joined us. He expressed much concern at my helpless situation, and the very next day released me: he paid Mrs. Brown's attorney her debt and costs, which were by no means inconsiderable. I made over to him a power of attorney to receive the half of every quarter's annuity until the whole was paid. It is Mr. Kennebel, of Frith Street, Soho, to whom I owe this obligation, and for the conferring of which he had no motive whatever, but the pleasure arising from a benevolent

volent mind after it has performed a good action.

Mrs. B—— has been since (as I learnt by the papers while at Bristol) tried at the Old Bailey for robbing lodgings she had taken after she was obliged to quit her house. It cannot be accounted presumption in me, when I am authorised by truth to declare, that I have known but few instances wherein I have been wilfully and maliciously persecuted that the author of it has not shortly after met with some kind of punishment.

The lodgings that I went to from the Fleet were at No. 19, in Oxendon Street.

Street. Capt. Lyon, of the fifty-fifth regiment, whose brother I have mentioned at the beginning of this work, lodged in the same house. With him I saw an officer of his regiment, and as this gentleman has proved himself the truest friend I have ever yet met with, words would be inadequate to express my opinion of him and my gratitude.

Capt. Lindsey is from the island of Antigua; from the first time of our accidental meeting he took a sincere interest in my fate. I was, as I observed, just delivered from the Fleet; I was without money or clothes to appear

pear decently, consequently he did not see me to much advantage.

Our acquaintance soon grew into an intimacy. He supplied me with every thing I could want, and that in so delicate a manner as to "prevent my every wish." — In a few weeks he received orders from the commanding officer of the regiment, then at Newcastle, to head a recruiting party at Nottingham. I went with him to Barnet, where we agreed that I should settle some business in London, and follow him the week after.

I had not been more than two days in London when I received informa-

tion from a friend that Mr. Wylde was going to arrest me. I immediately packed up what few things I had, and set out for Nottingham, where I was received in such a manner as to make me almost forget what county I was in, and how differently I once believed I should appear there.

Our society at Nottingham was confined to a few officers, who were there also on the recruiting business, and who were all very amiable men. We went to Mansfield, and to look at Edwinstow, where I had the melancholy satisfaction to see and drop a tear upon my father's grave! — The events of this life are matter of too

small import to affect the happiness of our friends in the other, if, as we are taught to believe, they are privy to our situation ; else would not my father's be embittered by the knowledge of the accumulated injuries that have been heaped upon his daughter ?

At Nottingham I went by Mr. Lindsey's name, as it was our wish that I should not be known there ; neither was I till Mr. Wylde wrote to Mr. Turner, an attorney, desiring he would arrest me for forty-four pounds. Mr. Wylde made a charge of numberless little articles that Mrs. Wylde had exchanged with me for things of

my own. He was well convinced that Mr. Lindsey would not enter into a law-suit, but rather pay the money, however unjust ; he therefore paid it, after recovering the small enamelled watch that Mrs. Wylde had of me, and which I should not have thought of asking for again without this circumstance. Mr. Turner behaved in the business with great politeness, and would not proceed against me till he had seen Mr. Lindsey, to whom, on being paid this honest bill, he gave up the watch, which was the same that Mr. Sewell had rescued from Mr. Board.

We

We remained at Nottingham between two and three months, and were fixed there, as we concluded, for the winter, when Mr. Lindsey received a letter from Major Fisher, his commanding officer, with orders to join the regiment in ten days at Glasgow, whither it was just gone.

Previous to our departure Mr. Lindsey had occasion to send his serjeant to Chesterfield about some deserters, or other regimental business.

It occurred to me that a natural daughter of my father's had been married, some years before I was, to a person, then living there, of the

name of Dutton; and indeed it is surprising that I recollected the name, so many years had passed since I had heard of her — so many strange vicissitudes in my own life, that it was more a wish than a hope that I should ever be able to find out what was become of her. My mother, for reasons best known to herself, had never suffered any intercourse between Mrs. Dutton and me; but had, on the contrary, taught me to consider her as an orphan, who belonged to no one, her mother having died during her infancy, and who had literally had no father, for my mother would never suffer me to suppose she was the daughter of Mr. Villa-Real.

I had

I had sometimes seen her when with my mother at Chesterfield; but I was a child, and always directed to look on her as a being of an inferior order, and she was not even permitted to sit down before us. In her life there is something extraordinary, as in my own; but this is all the similarity between us.

I gave the serjeant a letter I had written for him to take to Chesterfield, directed to Mrs. Dutton there, with a very strict charge to be particular in his inquiries about her.

The serjeant returned the next day: his business had accidentally carried

him to Mr. Dutton, who was then Mayor, and of whom he inquired for my sister. He brought me a letter from her, proposing my either going to Chesterfield, or her coming to Nottingham. As we were under the necessity of being in a very short time at Glasgow, we left Nottingham the next day, that we might pass as much time with her as we could.

We found my sister surrounded by eight charming children, and ready to lie in. Our meeting was such as the feeling mind alone can suppose — we had not seen or heard from each other for fourteen years; nor did either of us know what was our mutual fate.

fate. When I had last seen Mr. Dutton, he was in an inferior branch of trade: he has now, by dint of industry and economy, realised a considerable property, and brought up a fine family, that will be comfortably provided for. He lives respected at Chesterfield, and is a good husband to a *truly virtuous wife*.

When my father died my sister was a few years older than myself. He had adopted her, and was fond of her; yet, strange to tell! she is not mentioned in the will. With him she lost all; and on my mother's leaving Edwinstow she was bound apprentice to a mantua-maker at Mansfield,

field, and then left to provide for herself.

A sister of my mother's, who first married Mr. Burton, a respectable attorney at Chesterfield, and after his death Mr. Boffley, the present vicar there, took notice of her, often sent for her to her house, and gave her at times her cast clothes.

My sister grew up, and, after serving out her time at Mansfield, went to live at Chesterfield: she was an orphan, without a friend or a shilling in the world, but what she could obtain by taking in plain work; and
under

under these deplorable circumstances
Mr. Dutton married her.

Before I finish speaking of Mrs. Dutton I must observe, that it is extremely improbable my father should have adopted this child, received her in his house, put her on the same footing with myself, yet make a free will, and never mention her! — And this I advance from the knowledge I have very lately gained of my father's real character, I mean since my last visit into Nottinghamshire, where I anxiously collected every circumstance that I could respecting him. Generous to profusion — he was no one's enemy but his own — his heart
and

and his purse were alike extended to those around him. I have met with some persons who knew him, and I had the comfort of hearing him thus spoken of. Was it then likely he should make a will, and leave this girl totally unprotected and unprovided for? — No. — I am strongly of opinion he did not act so by one that needed his protection.

I was an infant when my father died, and it was impossible to prevent my being his heir at law ; but when I reflect how basely I have since been injured myself, and compare all those circumstances together, I cannot help
feeling

feeling strongly convinced in my own mind, that there is a dark mystery, probably revealed but to God alone.

If any thing can compensate for the heavy woes I have endured, it is the reflection, that what I have lost on the score of happiness my sister has gained. Those who peruse these pages, and compare *my* prospects with *hers* — *her* life with *mine* — will surely find matter for reflection.

We left Chesterfield on the 16th of January, 1789, after having staid there three days. Mr. Lindsey's orders being to reach Glasgow in ten
after

after he had received the Major's letter, obliged us to travel with all imaginable expedition, which we did at the hazard of our lives, the roads being nearly impassable. In Westmoreland and Cumberland the snow had been dug from the road, and it was with the greatest difficulty the horses, though we had four all the way, could drag us through. We reached Moffat the fourth day, and were then told it was impossible to pursue our journey; every carriage that had attempted it for the last week being returned. We walked about the town, saw the spa, and a diversion they call "Curling," which consists in several men bowling stones over the ice, with

with iron handles to them, and from forty to fifty pounds weight. We observed also three large stones erected near the town, which they told us were to the memory of three generals who had been killed there, but we could not trace any inscription on them. We saw a funeral, where numbers assisted, but which had no other ceremony than putting the corpse into the ground without form of prayer, and the friends regaling on their return at the house of the deceased with victuals, wine, &c.

After staying two nights at Moffat, we determined to pursue our journey, notwithstanding

notwithstanding the remonstrances of all those we saw. The terrors of it fully justified their advice. In many places we lost sight of the leading horses and postillion, through the extreme depth of the water, into which the chaise, on plunging, seemed lost for ever; nor would it have been possible to have gone on but for the attention of some carriers, who were going themselves to Glasgow, and on finding us determined the evening before, set out a few hours before us, and waited at the mouth of the first bourne to give us their assistance: they bore the chaise through the holes, every one of which seemed to
bury

bury the horses. We then came to Elwin Foot, a wretched inn, where we found two English gentlemen on their road south. We told them what they had to expect, and advised them rather to continue in that wretched hole than encounter the dangers we had just escaped. One of the gentlemen rose up, and conducted me to the window, where he pointed out to me, written on it, the following very applicable lines :

“ Would Heav’n, to punish some abandon’d

“ wretch,

“ Push the dread vengeance to its utmost

“ stretch,

“ Let him in cold October’s wintering storm,

“ When fullen heaths the fulky hills deform,

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G

“ To

" To bleak DUMRANNY* on a hack repair,
 " Delug'd with floods of rain, and shelter there;
 " Or should this curst doom be too severe,
 " Let the vile miscreant find a refuge *here*."

*ELWIN FOOT.

We reached Douglas Mill that night, and were told that the water we had passed was the mouth of the river Clyde.

We reached Glasgow on the 23d instant, heartily tired of our long journey, particularly through the dreary wilds of Scotland, where we generally travelled from one stage to ano-

* The name of one of the mountains opposite the inn.

ther

ther without perceiving house, or tree, or human kind, excepting now and then a solitary shepherd, who, attended by his dog, and wrapped in his plaid, guarded some miserable sheep. As we drew nearer to Glasgow the road became less dismal, owing to some beautiful plantations of fir, of the dwarf kind, which generally announced the being near a habitation.

I received great civilities from Major Fisher, and every officer of the fifty-fifth; but I have not presumption enough to imagine those civilities arose from any merit in myself. The source whence they were derived was the general good charac-

ter Mr. Lindsey bore, and the universal respect and regard which he possessed throughout the whole regiment, to which he has belonged many years.

In a few days Mr. Lindsey received fresh orders to head a party that was going to Beith, in Airshire, for the purpose of preventing smuggling. We went according, and took our station there for two months.

It was a dull and dreary place, abstracted from every idea of pleasure and amusement. Our head quarters were in a house they called an inn; but not being near any road that was not immediately connected with the place,

place, it was inferior to any pot house in England. The guard room was a large barn opposite to us. We were under the necessity of sending one of the soldiers to Glasgow once or twice a week (which was twenty-six Scotch miles from Beith, equal to at least thirty English ones) to procure us necessaries, for we could get nothing there to eat, excepting sometimes a hare; neither could we understand a word of the broad Scotch dialect used there. We found, however, a circulating library, amply stocked with old magazines; we sent to Glasgow for a piano forte, and being perfectly happy within ourselves, we ceased to lament our situation, and never once

found the time to hang heavy on our hands.

The only visitor we had was a Dr. Montgomery, who was the surgeon and chief magistrate of the place, and a well-informed man. He proposed our going to see Saltcoats, about six miles from Beith. Near this place is the ancient castle of Andraffan, behind which the young and accomplished Lord Eglinton met his cruel fate, and the village of Shilwinning, where he is buried; the ruins of the church were repairing by the present Lord.

This little excursion produced the desire of another, and I prevailed,
with

with some difficulty, on Mr. Lindsey to transmit his authority to his serjeant, for two days, that we might take the opportunity, never likely to return, of seeing the towns of Port-Glasgow and Greenock, sixteen Scotch miles from Beith. The miles were so long and the road so bad, that we began to lament our expedition; when on a sudden, we were amply compensated for our trouble, by the view we beheld from the top of a hill. The shipping and town of Port-Glasgow; the ancient castle of Dumbarton, rising as it were, out of the water; the smooth surface of the Clyde, and the Highlands on the opposite shore, formed altogether a romantic and charm-

ing scene.—We dined there, and the evening being remarkably fine, by the water side, walked down the town, which received additional beauty from being that night illuminated in honour of our King's recovery.

All the little floops seemed to rejoice at the happy event; their colours waved gaily in the wind, and their candles, ornamented the little windows of their cabins, appeared to diffuse light and joy beneath the waters.

Dr. Montgomery joined us, and we went to see the ruins of the house of Newark, which formerly belonged to
a family

a family of the name of Crawford.—
 In our walk we met several people acquainted with our conductor, all of whom gave us a pressing invitation to their houses, with hospitality seldom found by strangers, and which does honour to the Scotch nation. We drank tea in one of them, and then went to Greenock, a delightful little town, with a pretty fort, two miles from Port-Glasgow. We returned with regret the next day to Beith, which we thought far more dismal, after we had seen the places just mentioned.

At the expiration of our time we returned to Glasgow, whence we made a little excursion to the Highlands

lands and the Lake. The regiment was reviewed there, on the 10th of May, by General Leslie. Mr. Lindsey made one of the dinner party on the occasion, and I went with Mr. Hunter, a gentleman of Cowdon Hill, with whom we were acquainted, and Capt. Quin, brother to Lieut. Quin of the fifty-fifth, to see the town of Paisley, and its neighbourhood.

After viewing and admiring its different manufactures, we dined early, that we might, on our return the same evening, have leisure to survey Lord Glasgow's house at Hackett, about two miles from the road between Paisley and Glasgow. The house is a good one; its situation rendered pleasant

pleasant by the river Cart, which meanders through the park. In a field, beyond that, stand the ruins of Chreichstone castle, where Queen Mary was confined, and where she ruminated on her intercourse with Lord Darnley. About a hundred yards from the castle still stand the celebrated yew tree, to which she was so particularly attached, and which she had engraved on her copper coin. This tree bears the marks of extreme age; numbers of names and cyphers are carved on it. I took from it a few slips, which I carefully preserved in a pot filled with their native soil, where some of them were begining to take root; but an accident happened to the

the pot, which by falling out of the window, destroyed at once my nursery and my hopes.

Mr. Lindsey obtained leave of absence, and we prepared to return to England, and my sister; but not having the same reasons for haste that had brought us flying to Glasgow, we resolved on taking our own time, and seeing every thing worthy of observation that lay in or near our road.

It was not without regret that I left Glasgow; though anxious to return to England, it was impossible for me not to feel some emotion at parting with a society of friends in which I had passed
 fed

fed many happy hours; I mean the officers of the fifty-fifth; for nothing could exceed their constant and kind attentions to me, nor will my heart ever cease to be grateful to them *all*.

We left Glasgow on the 12th of May; Mr. Hunter accompanied us as far as Hamilton. We stopped on the road to see Mr. Douglas's house, which will be, when finished, a very fine one. The pleasure grounds are on the river Avon, which are woody, and beautiful in the extreme. In these grounds are ruins of Bothwell castle, another habitation of the unfortunate Mary, wherein the apartments are yet discernible. The staircase

case has yielded to time; a few broken steps remain; but by the help of these, and some crumbling stones, I reached the top of the tower of Bothwell. The evening was charmingly serene, and while the gentlemen were strolling about the woods, I passed an hour there in sweet and melancholy contemplation; no sounds broke in upon it but the murmurs of the river beneath, and the sweet warbling of many birds.—“ Ah,” said I to myself, “ what a luxury would it be to
 “ a mind like mine to live secluded
 “ from the world in an habitation
 “ near this, where I could, free and
 “ unmolested, invoke the aid of the
 “ muses, and enjoy my loved society
 “ of

“of books!”—But it is my wretched fate still to be buffeted about by the rude billows of the world, and I am probably, even at this time, entering on another strong sea, from which no port, but that of death will welcome me!

We slept that night at Hamilton, and early the next morning visited the Duke's palace there. Here was nothing to inspire that reverential awe which the sight of a ruined castle or monastery must ever command; but every object looked peace and comfort. Two fine pictures caught my attention; the one, an original of Queen Mary, represented in the dress

in which she was executed ; the other, of Daniel in the lion's den, done by Reubens. The elegant accomplishments of the Duchess were conspicuous in every part of the house ; beautiful paintings and embroidery, done by herself, spoke a mind uncorrupted by grandeur, that was not above the exertion of talents.

In the palace, is a gallery of great length, every part of which is allotted to the different hours of the day ; divided by fire-places and sofas, it unites breakfast room, dining room, &c. ; and here the family, when alone, entirely reside. This apartment gives such an idea of domestic felicity, and

4

the

the minds of its owners, that the moment I saw it I wished Hamilton palace to be transported to Studley!

On a high eminence, about a quarter of a mile from the house, is a building called Chastellerauld. At this place the Duke keeps his dogs: there is only one room in it fitted up, which is occasionally used as a breakfast room; it commands a fine view of the palace beneath. Here is a pretty little flower garden belonging to the Duchess, which looks down from its height on the stately woods below it.

We continued our journey without meeting with any thing remarkable; saw the house where some happy and many miserable marriages are made, at Gretna Green; went to see Lord Strafford's house at Wentworth; and employed a day in visiting Hackfall and Studley. Many were the bitter recollections that rent my mind at the sight of these well-remembered objects!—My mother's former house at Bishopton looked just the same—I surveyed the scenes of my lost happiness with an aching heart, and have paid to them the tribute of many, many tears!

We

We returned to Chesterfield. My sister had put off the christening of her youngest child till we came : we took upon ourselves to answer for the little stranger, and she was, at *my* desire, called *Mary*. May she live to be happier than *her* who gave the name, and as much more so as she is less splendid than the unfortunate *Mary* after whom I called her !

We remained at Chesterfield about two months : Mr. Lindsey then received advice of a ship coming from the West Indies to Bristol, in which he had a considerable sum of money in sugars, &c. This occasioned his going there, and I have every reason

to lament my obstinacy in persisting to attend him.

We staid two months at the Hot Wells, and I was so much charmed with the beautiful country about Bristol, that I forced him, contrary to his inclinations, to take a house there, and peremptorily refused returning with him to Scotland, where the regiment still remained.

I was caught by outward shew, for surely nothing can be more delightful than the vicinity of Bristol: the country itself, and the continual quantity of ships coming from, and going out to, the West Indies, render it a truly
delightful

delightful residence ; but, on a more intimate acquaintance with it, the pleasure we derive from these is lost in contempt and disgust for its inhabitants. It is impossible to describe them more justly than the unfortunate Savage has done in his poem of " London and Bristol delineated."—The following lines from which I found, by woeful experience, to be strictly true :

" Revere, or seem the stranger to revere ;

" Praise, fawn, profess — be all things but sin-

" cere ;

" Infidious now, our bosom secrets steal,

" And these with sly, sarcastic sneer reveal.

“ Present we meet thy sneaking, treach’rous
“ smiles;

“ The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles.

“ Such as in thee all parts superior find,

“ The sneer that marks the fool and knave
“ combin’d;

“ When melting pity would afford relief,

“ The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.

“ What friendship canst thou boast? What

“ honour claim?

“ To thee each stranger owes an injur’d name!”

Nothing can be, in *my* opinion,
more descriptive of Bristol than the
foregoing lines.—I suffered Mr. Lind-
sey to depart for Edinburgh alone,
and continued near a twelvemonth
there, lamenting my folly, and hav-
ing

ing no one to reproach for it but myself.

At the end of that time it was my intension to go to Edinburgh; but after I had sent off my things, and was just going to set out, I received a letter from Mr. Lindsey, that the regiment had received orders to go to Portsmouth, whither it was to be embarked for foreign service. Thence, however, it went to Ireland, where it now is; and Mr. Lindsey went to see his family in the West Indies. It was a long time before I could hear from him, which, when I did, brought me an account of his return, after having been shipwreck-

ed on the coast of South America. During that time I went into Wales, and passed the last winter at Scarborough.

Mr. Lindsey's goodness to me has never ceased; and it was but very lately I received a proof of it in a pecuniary assistance. No time nor absence, not even the endeavours of my good friends at Bristol, have been able to lessen his regard for me, or my sincere one and lasting gratitude towards him!

Since these pages were written death has deprived me of my excellent aunt, Lady Galway. As she was all that remained

remained of my father, I have been sensibly affected by the event; and the more so, from the bitter reflection that she died prejudiced against me. God knows my heart, when I declare, that had she left me the whole of her estate, it would not have been half so welcome to me as one kind word of pity and affection from her lips; but, I am sorry to say, my most bitter enemies are my nearest relations, and that, in order to justify to the world their own inhuman conduct towards me, it seems to have become necessary for them to throw all the odium of mine upon myself.—My aunt would not have died at variance with me, had not some family fiend

*

interposed

interposed against me — she could not have forgotten her brother's only and deserted daughter ; nor would she have done it, had she been permitted otherwise.

There could be no jealousy of me beyond this life.— A few days after my aunt was dead, I conceived that the only consolation I could have would be to see her remains. With a bleeding heart and trembling steps I entered the chamber of death ! — But in this, too, I was disappointed ; she was soldered up, and for ever concealed from mortal eyes ! — All that I could do was to throw myself on my knees by the side of the cold lead, and
 invoke

invoke her departed spirit to pity and plead for me! — I had the melancholy satisfaction to drop a heart-rending tear on her coffin, and *that* mark of *sincerity* is gone with her to the grave,

A few days since I was arrested for forty pounds by Mrs. B——, the woman that made away with my harpsichord when I lodged with her in the year 1787. A gentleman of the law bailed me; but I am in the perpetual fear of being so again, for debts contracted previous to my going to the Fleet, many of which Mr. Lindsey has paid, and among them Mr. Ryan, who returned about half my things;
the

the others are now operating in full force against me.

Without one assisting friend, how is it possible for me to stem the torrent of adversity that is pouring in upon me from every side? —The extreme caution that I have of late years observed against running into debt does not afford me protection against my former persecutors.

In a morning paper of the 13th of this month a paragraph appeared (which has been copied into other prints) respecting the character of my late father. Some one *must* have been the author; yet whom could such an
one

one be? — The coward, for it can be no other than a coward, that will attack the dead, knows that my father had no son, nor any one left to fight his cause but a defenceless, unprotected daughter! — Admitting even the anecdotes contained in it were true, it must be a poor, despicable wretch, that, for the paltry gain of writing for newspapers, or, on the other hand, impelled by base and implacable revenge, could attempt to disturb the ashes of a man who has slept in peace for thirty years. Of the two, the first is by far the best character. The writer of a newspaper would buy or sell every one's character

racter for gain; while the other, if such a wretch exists, can have no motive but an atrocious one. — Surely it is not necessary, in order to praise the living, to animadvert on the failings of the dead. I wish the writer of this daring insult to myself would unmask; but, alas! were it so, what could I do but execrate the hand that wrote it and the heart that indited it?

I have now brought down all the principal events of my life to the present day; and nothing remains for me to add, but to justify at the conclusion, as well as at the beginning, of this work, my motives for publishing it.

I

I am

I am well aware of what I have done, and that the life of a frail, weak woman had better be buried in an eternal oblivion than exposed to the criticism of the world. In it the consequences of such a life may be held up as matter of example : and vain indeed should I be of this book, could I flatter myself that any of the unfortunate of my own sex, standing on the verge of a precipice, could be induced by it to recoil ; not by slow steps to venture down from that height whence it is impossible to return.

In every stage of my life I have
been

been uniformly unfortunate; nor have I ever known a felicity in the respective characters of daughter, of wife, of mother, or of friend. Disappointed in a first, and real attachment — hurried into a precipitate marriage — torn from my children, who have never since been suffered to hold any converse with me — and without ever possessing *one real friend*! — yet I have a soul that is formed to fill up all these connections with the truest tenderness. I have bitterly to lament that I never was blessed in the objects of them.

With regard to my fortune, there
is

is surely something incomprehensible. My father left me all his own, yet I have never been invested with a power over any part of my property. I was a ward in Chancery, yet I was both married and parted while under age. What became of my money, which a long minority must have accumulated, I know not; and it is strange that out of my estates I should not be allowed a sufficient competency to maintain me, at least, as Mr. Villa-Real's daughter. But I had rather, far rather, be more helpless than I am, were that possible, than have the remorse of conscience which those must one day have to whom the care of my fortune has

been entrusted, and who have so disgracefully discharged their trust.

I am kept in total darkness respecting the state of my affairs, under which lurks, as I before said, some mystery, the discovery of which would not, I believe, turn out to the advantage of some of my nearest relations.

From the bottom of my soul I forgive Mr. Gooch those unprecedented evils of which he has been, unthinkingly, the cause. I am well convinced that he did not act from the impulse of his own heart, which could never tell him I had deserved this from him. I will do Mr. Gooch
the

the justice to believe what I have heard, that he has never been happy since our separation ; but that he may be so, while he yet lives, and eternally so in a better world, is all the wish my heart forms for him !—May my sons enjoy a life of health and prosperity ; and may the thoughts of their unhappy mother never embitter their days !

I should be ungrateful, did I not mention the repeated instances of friendship and assistance that I have received from Lord Galway, my cousin. He, like his mother, my lamented aunt, has been prevented from

rendering me more essential services, by the active part some near relations of us both have taken against me. I have been too grossly injured in my fortune (and by those too whom I sincerely loved!) ever to hope protection from them. It would be avowing the justice of my complaints. Had *they* been, like *me*, in distress, and had I possessed the powers of assistance, even without their affluence, I would have extricated them; and not, by throwing the blame on each other, divest me of a hope of support from any. I knew not what sum of money was either received or paid to extricate me from the Fleet prison;

prison; I can only repeat that Mr. Lindsey has paid many debts previous to my going there, and the remainder of theirs are all falling on me now.—Mr. Waller was the person who received the money; but as I never was made acquainted with what sum it was, consequently I cannot know what was at that time discharged, nor exactly to whom I was obliged.

I do not publish this book with any intention of hurting my family, but am, on the contrary, grieved to expose them.

What *can* I do?—My family can-

not plead the excuse of my present conduct, as it has been for some months, I will venture to say, irreproachable; and God knows my inclinations are for it ever to continue so. The sum of two hundred pounds would settle all my difficulties, and could not inconvenience them; yet, sooner than assist me with this sum I want, and without which it is impossible I can discharge my debts, and go to my intended retirement, they will suffer me to take this measure, which, if not disagreeable to them, is painful in the extreme to myself.

To the Public, which, when I was

in the Fleet, manifested its liberality towards me, I now for the last time, appeal. I have ever found in strangers a protection denied me at home, and I doubt not but I shall experience it now. Tired of a world which has been to me a state of endless misery, I wish to pass the remainder of my days in tranquility and peace. Happiness, I know I never must expect; but serenity and ease might still be my lot, were I enabled to go in pursuit of them to my intended retirement, near my sister.

For many years I have had no satisfaction either in body or mind; the

situations I have been in, would not allow it; and well do I know such situations never will. Were I to-morrow to be extricated from all my difficulties, by a generous protector, who might possess every good quality, yet still the very nature of the connection would lead into fresh ones, which when it ceased (as it most assuredly would) would leave me as much overwhelmed as ever. And suppose that I lived, while this connection lasted, in the greatest splendour, should I be well, comfortable, or happy?—Surely no!

If, in the most desirable situations

of this kind, there is no happiness, what are they in general?—What have I not experienced from them?—Ingratitude, ill-treatment, and fraud—my constitution ruined—my peace of mind destroyed—and debts encompassing me on every side. I am not a proper person to combat the artifices of mankind, or to be prepared against them. Whenever there has been an apparent shew of affection, my whole soul has placed unlimited confidence, and I have almost constantly, too late, had to lament my credulity.

Peace has been long banished from me, and satisfaction, without alloy, is a stranger.

stranger to my breast. Repeated experience has shewn me that no lasting connection *can* be formed, and that the breaking off of every one gives a fresh wound to a mind already mangled.

To a situation so horrible as this, surely living in a cottage with peace would be preferable. Were I once clear from my debts, I would immediately retire into the country, where I might be comfortable, if not happy. I have no pleasures to abandon—no connection to break—and my ambition extends no farther than the power to realize my wish.

I shall

I shall carry with me the comfortable reflection, that I never injured the peace of another.—No wife can upbraid me with the alienation of her husband's affections—no children with their father's—I never divided friends—and I will affirm, that I never injured any one's fortune. So far I have not deviated from the character of a gentlewoman. The evil consequences of my imprudences have been, therefore, all my own. Whatever connections I may have formed had for object domestic happiness; and it is my misfortune, not my fault, that I have never been able to obtain it.

My

My FIRST attachment will be my LAST. Perhaps (though I dare not hope it!) in some corner of the universe still exists Dr. Crawford!—Oh! if he does, may these pages catch his eye, and when I may be buried in my long-wished-for grave, may he (if it be possible he lives!) give a tear to my hard fate!—But if he is, as I have every reason to suppose, removed from this world of woe, and become an inhabitant of the regions of eternal peace, may my first love be permitted to “look with an eye of pity down,” and await the arrival of that soul, congenial with his own, which, purged from its body of infirmities and error,

may

may partake, with him, a joyful RESURRECTION !

Elizabeth Sarah Villa Real Gooch.

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South Molton Street,

FINIS.

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